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A HOT DAY

Helen Bagg



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**THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA**

A HOT DAY

A Comedy in Two Acts

BY

HELEN BAGG

Author of "Whiskers," "Why Not Jim," etc.



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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A Hot Day

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CHARACTERS

MRS. MILTON TRAVIS who is reducing
INEZ } her daughters
AMY }
OLGA SAMAROFF . . . a young person with ideas
MR. PHILIP PEMBERTON . . . a prosperous citizen
RICHARD FULLER . . his nephew, a young physician
SAMUEL POWERS a young lawyer
LUCY } society girls, members of the Club
MAY }
MIURA a Japanese attendant

Act I.—Afternoon. The sun parlor of the Country Club.

Act II.—Evening. Same day, same setting.

TIME:—The present.

PLACE:—Long Island.

Time of Playing.—One hour and a half.

STORY OF THE PLAY

It's dangerous for a man to write letters to a girl he's never seen. Sam Powers has done it, and Olga Samaroff, who claims to be a Bolshevik, has fallen in love with him. She sends him her picture. Sam asks Dick Fuller to help him out of the scrape. Dick is engaged to Inez. Of course, Inez sees the photo. Dick tries not to give Sam away. Then Olga finds the photo in Dick's hand and thinks he is her Sam. Inez finds Olga's red parasol, and Olga comes back for it. Then there is trouble all around. Sam, escaping in a bathing suit, is pinched for speeding, and rescued by Amy, who loves him. Dick, to scare off Olga, says Uncle Philip is a Secret Service man, who is trying to capture her. But Olga captures Uncle Philip, gives up Sam and Dick and admits she's plain Jane Jones, of Michigan—who pursues thrills and writes thrillers. Inez and Amy satisfied and everybody happy.

COSTUMES, ETC.

MRS. TRAVIS. About forty-five. A stout woman, not too fat, but at that stage where one is supposed to put up a determined fight against the enemy. In Act I she is dressed for golf. In Act II wears evening dress.

INEZ. About twenty-three. A sweet-looking girl. In Act I dresses in golf clothes. In Act II evening dress.

AMY. About eighteen; very pretty. Act I, golfing costume. Act II, summer evening dress and wrap.

OLGA SAMAROFF. About twenty-three. A dainty, demure young person who does not in her appearance at all suggest Russia. In Act I wears the same costume—the very latest thing in summer

PROPERTIES

toggery. She carries a red parasol at first entrance. In Act II evening dress—something slim and clinging, with rather severe style of hair dressing, all of which emphasizes her youth and demureness.

LUCY. About twenty. Act I, golf costume, outing coat, cap, etc. In Act II summer evening dress.

MAY. About twenty. In Act I golf costume. In Act II summer evening dress.

MIURA. About twenty. Japanese costume.

UNCLE PHILIP. About fifty. A dapper and pleasant little man devoted to his nephew. In Act I street summer costume. In Act II evening dress.

RICHARD. About twenty-seven. Good-looking. He has an air of good will toward everyone. While he is not unsophisticated one feels that he is not at all the kind of man to do anything queer or unconventional. In both acts sack suit, in good style, cap.

SAMUEL. About twenty-five. Very good-looking, temperamental, but not effeminate. He has a winning manner. Act I, summer business suit. At entrance carries auto goggles and gloves, and duster. Later in Act I appears in a bathing suit, and throws over it a bathrobe of very gay design; wears canvas sneakers. In Act II appears in a badly fitting and very shabby, not to say soiled, suit.

PROPERTIES

LUCY. Golf clubs; pocket mirror.

MAY. Golf clubs; newspaper; pins.

MIURA. Tea things; tray with two glasses of lemonade and plate of cake; victrola; tray with sandwiches, cake, pitcher of iced tea, and glass.

AMY. Two bags of golf clubs; two glasses of lemonade.

MRS. TRAVIS. Phonograph and record.

UNCLE PHILIP. Handkerchief.

RICHARD. Cigarettes; matches; check-book; fountain pen.

SAMUEL. Photograph of girl.

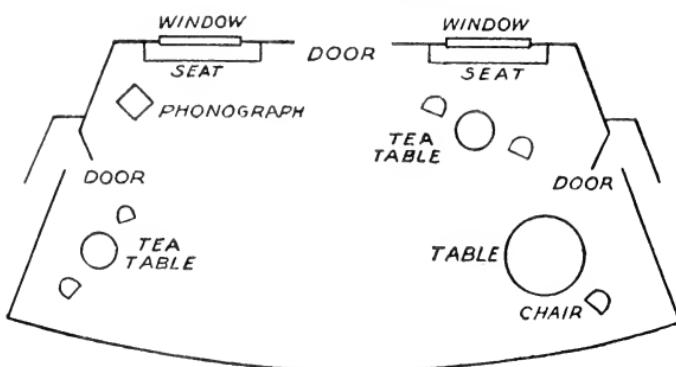
INEZ. Handkerchief; powder-puff.

OLGA. Red parasol.

OTHER PROPERTIES. Bowl of punch (lemonade); ladle, glasses and wafers.

SCENE PLOT

EXTERIOR BACKING



SCENE FOR ACT I.—Morning in the sun-parlor of a fashionable country club. A curtained doorway leads to veranda. On either side of door is a window (may be omitted), furnished with window mat and gay cushions. Doors r. and l. Up r. a phonograph. Cozy little tea-tables, with chairs, up l. and down r. Down l. a table with golf trophies, etc., and a comfortable chair. Other furnishings as desired, including rugs and one or two tabourets.

FOR ACT II, the same scene, on the evening of the same day. Shades at windows lowered. Tea-tables up l. removed and the larger table now stands near window up l. Down r. small table, with a bowl of punch (lemonade), ladle, and glasses. Colored lamps will add to the attractiveness of the scene.

A Hot Day

ACT I

SCENE.—*The sun parlor of a fashionable country club. The room is large and pleasantly furnished with summer furniture. A curtained doorway at c. leads out onto the veranda; on either side of it is a window, furnished with window seat and gay pillows. A door at R. leads presumably to the other club rooms, while one at L. leads to the ladies' dressing-room, the dining-rooms, kitchen, etc. The Japanese maid usually enters from L. At L. by the window is a cozy little tea-table with chairs. At R. down front, a similar one. A good sized chair stands at L.; a tabouret or two, a table containing golf trophies, etc., give the room an air of cheerful comfort. There is a phonograph up R.*

(As the curtain rises, the victrola is playing softly a popular waltz, and LUCY and MAY are sitting at the table at L. c. They are dressed for golfing, and their clubs lie near them, but they evidently find the weather more conducive to repose. MAY is reading a newspaper, while LUCY is studying her features in a pocket mirror. Both are rather blasé for good-looking young women—perhaps it is the heat.)

MAY. Lucy! Here's Inez and Dick's engagement announced.

LUCY (yawning). Really? Everybody knows they're engaged—why bother to announce it?

MAY. I suppose Inez Travis has flirted with so many men that Dick felt safer having it down in black and white. (*She reads the notice. While she is doing so, MIURA enters at L. carrying a small tray upon which are two tall lemonade glasses and a plate of cake. She places these on the table, being careful not to come between MAY and the audience while MAY is reading aloud. As she goes off at L. she closes the victrola.*) "Mrs. Milton Travis announces the engagement of her daughter, Inez, to Dr. Richard Fuller, of this city. Dr. Fuller served overseas with the Rainbow Division."

LUCY. Dick's a nice fellow, but rather tame. It would have been much more exciting to marry Sam Powers. She carried on with him scandalously at one time.

MAY. Yes, Lucy dear, every girl has carried on scandalously with Sammy Powers at one time. That's why it would be such a serious mistake to marry him.

LUCY (*with a giggle*). It must have seemed awfully queer to Sam to be a private in the same regiment where Dick was a major!

MAY. Awful! (*Pause, while they both sip their lemonade and munch the cake.*) Do you know, I think it's queer that Sam didn't bring home a French wife.

LUCY. I suppose he didn't dare, May. A young lawyer needs all the money he can get to live on while he's waiting for clients.

MAY. How about a young doctor?

LUCY. Oh, Dick's different. That rich uncle of his will look out for him.

MAY. He's rather a dear—Dick's Uncle Phil. He's been trying to show Mrs. Travis what's the matter with her drive.

LUCY. Lots she cares about her drive! She plays golf to reduce. Seriously, though, I think she ought to chaperon Amy better. It's ridiculous for that child to be going to regular dances at seventeen.

MAY. They can't help it. It's all the fault of the war.

LUCY. The war?

MAY. Yes. Amy drove an ambulance, and was arrested six times. Naturally they can't put her back into the schoolroom—she'd contaminate the rest of the children.

LUCY. Of course.

MAY (*taking another peep at the newspaper*). Girls are awful these days, aren't they? Here's a millionaire out in Michigan advertising for information about his daughter. She ran away a while ago.

LUCY. Why should anybody run away from a millionaire?

MAY. Can't imagine. (*Throws down the paper.*) Staying to the dance to-night?

LUCY. Yes. I wonder if Inez and Dick—

MAY (*spying* MRS. TRAVIS and AMY, who are entering at R.). Hush! How de do, Mrs. Travis? Hello, Amy!

(MRS. TRAVIS and AMY are dressed for golfing. AMY carries both bags of clubs—MRS. T. having reached that point of exhaustion where every additional pound is agony. She sinks into a chair down R. near the other tea-table and unmistakably pants. AMY stands R.)

AMY. Hello, girls! Now, Mamma, of course you're hot and tired—that's what you're doing it for. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you'd lost a quarter of a pound this afternoon.

MRS. T. (*indignantly*). Quarter of a pound? If I haven't lost five in the last fifteen minutes I'll eat my hat!

(*She takes off the hat and fans herself with it.*)

AMY. You mustn't eat anything, or you'll gain it all back again. (*She puts down the clubs and seats herself on a tabouret.*) My, isn't it hot?

LUCY. I'm very comfortable.

MRS. T. (*enviously*). That's because you're thin.
The breeze can rattle through you.

AMY. Goodness, Mamma!

MRS. T. Well, it's so. There's one comfort, though;
you thin people can't get fat, while we stout ones
can always reduce.

MAY (*sympathetically*). Why don't you have a lemon-
ade? They're awfully refreshing.

MRS. T. (*enviously*). I guess I will.

AMY. Now, Mamma, you promised —

MRS. T. I promised not to eat. I didn't promise to
die of thirst. Go find that Jap and tell her to get
me a nice cold one, and not to be stingy with the
sugar.

AMY. Sometimes I think you don't want to get thin!

(*Exit, L.*)

MRS. T. (*with a sigh*). Well, I often wonder if it's
worth it.

LUCY. Are you on a diet?

MRS. T. Yes, and it's going to land me in the poor-
house, I guess. I may eat plenty of prairie
chicken, duck, pheasant, artichoke, asparagus,
fruit out of season, and a few nice things of that
sort. In the meantime, my whole soul yearns for
potatoes and white bread!

MAY (*rising and crossing to MRS. T.*). Poor dear!
I don't believe a little of this cake would hurt you.

(*She offers it.*)

MRS. T. The family would find it out, somehow. No,
take it away!

LUCY. How's your game coming on?

MRS. T. (*morbidly*). It isn't coming, it's going. If
people would only let me alone, I might get some-
where—but no, they all want to show me how. I
got so nervous to-day that I hit the caddie instead
of the ball. That cost me a dollar! (AMY
enters L. carrying two lemonades. MRS. T. *takes*
one.) Thanks, dear.

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(*She tastes it, and makes a grimace. MAY goes up L. C.*)

AMY. Well, Mamma, you know sugar —

MRS. T. No, I don't—any more, except by hearsay.
Did you see Inez anywhere?

AMY (*seats herself R., drinks lemonade*). Yes; she
and Dick just drove out.

MAY (*gushingly*). Oh, I do so want to congratulate
Inez! Dick is such a dear!

MRS. T. Yes, he is.

LUCY. It must have been such a relief to get Sam
Powers off your mind.

MRS. T. (*with feeling*). Relief!

AMY. I don't see why. I think Sam is lovely.

MRS. T. (*severely*). Don't call him "Sam." You are
too young to call young men by their first names.

AMY. I called him something worse than "Sam" last
time I saw him. He cut in ahead of me when I
was driving a load of wounded men over to the
Canteen, and I told him what I thought of him.

MRS. T. I don't know what girls are coming to nowa-
days, I'm sure.

AMY. Well, for one thing, I guess they're learning to
do their own cussing. You simply can't depend
on the police.

MRS. T. (*in a hollow tone*). Daughter!

LUCY (*tactfully*). Well, it must be a comfort to you
to think what a steady fellow Dick is. Inez will
never have to worry about his flirting with other
women.

AMY. I don't think it's very nice to talk about Dick
that way. Anybody'd think he was a wooden
Indian.

MAY (*dreamily*). Well, I think a wooden Indian
would make a lovely husband.

AMY. That's not the kind I'm looking for.

MRS. T. Daughter!

AMY. Oh, I'm not hunting for one, you know; I'm
just keeping my eyes open when they're around.
One thing the war has taught us all is the value
of preparedness.

(*The girls giggle; Mrs. T. looks hopeless. Enter INEZ at R. One sees that she is very happy over her engagement.*)

INEZ. Oh, here you all are! Hello, girls! Mamma, dear, what's the score to-day?

(*She crosses, giving her mother a little pat as she passes; stops to greet the two girls at L. C. They both rise.*)

AMY. You don't have to tell your score if you don't want to.

LUCY. Well, I see it's in the paper, dear. We all wish you every happiness.

MAY. Dick is such a good fellow. You're very lucky.

INEZ (*simply*). Isn't he! I guess I know how lucky I am. You are both to be my bridesmaids, you know.

LUCY. Lovely!

(*The girls sit. INEZ comes down to chair at L. Sits.*)

AMY. I'm going to be maid of honor.

INEZ. If you behave. Otherwise, you'll be a nice little flower girl.

AMY (*angrily*). I won't. I'll see your old wed-ding —

MRS. T. (*severely*). Daughter!

AMY (*swallowing hard*). Well, I won't be a flower girl. I'll get up and holler in that quiet place where the minister asks if there is any just cause or —

INEZ. If you do, I'll turn around at the altar and box your ears!

MRS. T. Children, please —

(*Enter DICK at R.*)

DICK. Hello, girls! (*Shakes hands with MRS. T.*) Hello, mother-in-law-to-be! (*To AMY.*) Hello, baby! What's the game to-day? Helping Mother reduce?

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AMY (*gloomily*). Yes, but I guess I'm the one that will reduce. I'm down to an even hundred.

DICK (*going up c.*). It's immensely becoming. Quite "vamp-like." You'll find it useful when you enter the movies.

INEZ. Dick, please don't put ideas into her head.

AMY (*scornfully*). That's not an idea; it's old stuff. I'm going in for aviation.

DICK. Good work! Let's have an Ace in the family.

MRS. T. We're more likely to have a corpse.

DICK (*to MAY and LUCY*). You girls been playing?

MAY. No, loafing. It's such a hot day.

INEZ. Let's have a foursome, we four girls. Dick and Mother can go along for a gallery.

LUCY (*rising*). Splendid!

MAY (*picking up clubs*). All right, I'm on.

MRS. T. Thanks. Wild horses couldn't drag me out in that sun again.

INEZ. Then you can sit here and cool off. We'll only play the short course. I'll get my clubs.

(*She runs off at r.*)

DICK (*picking up AMY's, MAY's and LUCY's bags*).

I'll referee this game and see fair play, though at the risk of my life. Come on, girls.

(*He, LUCY and MAY go out at c. AMY pauses a moment beside her mother.*)

AMY. Hadn't you better have a shower and a rub down, Mamma?

MRS. T. Go away and leave me alone. I guess I know when I want a bath.

AMY (*injured*). Well, it's very reducing!

(*Exit at c. When she has gone, MRS. T. rises and crosses stealthily L. c. to the table that the girls have left. She picks up the cake plate, on which there is a piece of cake left. She eyes it enviously.*)

MRS. T. It was chocolate—I knew it! I suppose that

girl could eat a ton of it without danger, and yet she goes away and leaves it! (*Looks hastily around, takes it in her hand.*) I hate waste! (*She hears someone coming at L., hastily puts down the cake, crosses to the victrola up R. and is apparently examining a record when MIURA enters at L. with tray, to remove dishes.* MRS. T. *crosses to her chair with much dignity.* MIURA *clears the tables.* MRS. T. *clears her throat nervously.*) I don't care! I will do it!

MIURA (*turning to her smilingly*). Yes, lady? Honorable lady speak?

MRS. T. Yes. You may take away this rubbish and bring me something solid. Solid—see?

(*She brings her hand down on the table for emphasis.*)

MIURA. Oh, yes! Cup of tea, bread and butter —

MRS. T. No. You may bring me three club sandwiches, two pieces of that cake, and a pitcher of iced tea. Understand?

MIURA. Oh, yes, you very hungry!

MRS. T. I am. And see that those sandwiches are made of white bread.

MIURA. Oh, yes, I see..

MRS. T. And get 'em here quick before any of the family come back.

MIURA. Oh, yes, much honorable hurry!

(*She trots off at L. with her tray of dishes.* MRS. T. *relaxes comfortably.*)

MRS. T. Now, if I can get a few minutes to myself perhaps I can recover from the devastating effects of this awful day.

(*She nods sleepily; her head sinks against the back of the chair; she is the picture of comfort.*)

UNCLE PHILIP (*entering at c.*). Hot—very hot! Regular scorcher! (*He sees MRS. T., tiptoes softly L., picking up the newspaper that the girls left, carries it to chair down L., sits and reads; then, finds*

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ing it still uncomfortably hot, he drops paper and, taking out his handkerchief, mops his forehead. While doing this he notices the peculiar motion of the lady's head. She is asleep, and her head is slowly tipping to one side. UNCLE watches in fascination—as it really seems as though she were going to fall out of the chair. At the crucial moment she rights herself and wakes. UNCLE, pleasantly.) Ahem!

MRS. T. Dear me, I must have dropped off! Oh, Mr. Pemberton, when did you come in?

UNCLE. Just a moment ago. Where are the young folks?

MRS. T. Playing golf. Dick is with them.

UNCLE. A fine boy, that, Mrs. Travis, though I say it who shouldn't.

MRS. T. Yes, indeed. We're all fond of Dick.

UNCLE. And he's marrying the prettiest, sweetest girl in town.

MRS. T. (*modestly*). Well, I'm sure I've tried to bring Inez up in the way she should go. She hasn't always gone, but she's a good girl, take her all in all.

UNCLE. I think so highly of her that I intend to show my appreciation of Dick's choice in a substantial manner.

MRS. T. That's very charming of you.

UNCLE. Yes, I know that the road of the young physician is an up-hill one, and I don't intend that these young people shall have their noses kept to the grindstone if I can help it.

(*As he talks, the Japanese enters L. with a tray piled high with Mrs. T.'s order. She places the things on the table before the lady, whose eyes shine happily.*)

MRS. T. That's handsomely said, Mr. Pemberton. With the prices of food what they are these days it takes all a young man can make to get along.

UNCLE (*eyeing the tray with horror*). I should think it might!

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MRS. T. Won't you have some tea? She can bring another glass.

UNCLE. Thank you, no. I never touch iced drinks. I regard them as most injurious.

(*Exit MIURA, L.*)

MRS. T. Do you think so? Well, I'll risk it. I'm living on a diet, Mr. Pemberton.

(*She attacks a sandwich.*)

UNCLE. What!

MRS. T. A hard and fast, rock-ribbed, dyed in the wool diet, gotten up by somebody who is getting rich off the sorrows of humanity.

(*She takes a long drink of the iced tea.*)

UNCLE. Bless me!

MRS. T. But you were saying—about Dick and Inez —

UNCLE. Oh, yes! I think of buying the practice of old Dr. Hanley, the nerve specialist, who is retiring. That is in Dick's line —

MRS. T. Splendid!

UNCLE. He deserves it, ma'am. Not as brilliant, perhaps, as Sam Powers, but steady. They tell me that Sam is making a promising young lawyer.

MRS. T. I can quite believe that he would do well in the divorce branch of the profession.

(*Enter DICK at c.*)

UNCLE. He wrote some articles last year for a legal publication which attracted a good deal of attention, I believe.

DICK (*coming down r. c.*). Who? Sammy? Why, Sammy's going to surprise us all one of these days. Good Heavens, Mother, do my eyes deceive me, or is this food?

MRS. T. (*crossly*). Well, don't holler about it.

DICK. Oh, the girls are miles away. They fired me at the second hole. Said I made 'em nervous.

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MRS. T. I was feeling very ill, Dick—my heart, you know. I didn't dare go without food. There's no need of worrying the girls about it.

DICK. Of course not. A man makes a mistake, anyhow, to tell his future wife everything. She gets to expect it. (*Starts to cross up L. Sees SAM in door c.*) Hello, Sam, where'd you spring from?

(SAM POWERS has entered while DICK was talking. He comes in at c. and comes down to where DICK is standing—about c. From sheer force of habit, he salutes DICK.)

SAM (standing at attention). Just drove out from town, sir. Oh, hang it all, when am I going to get that army stuff out of my system! (*Shakes hands with MRS. T. and UNCLE, finally with DICK.*) Congratulations, old man.

DICK. Thanks, Sammy.

(SAM goes up L., tosses his hat on the window seat.)

MRS. T. (her manner to SAM is quite chilly). I think I will go out on the veranda; it's very warm in here.

(She rises and puts a sandwich and a piece of cake on a plate to take out with her.)

UNCLE (jumping to relieve her of the plate and offering his arm). Allow me, ma'am.

(Exit MRS. T. and UNCLE at c. SAM stares after them, then comes down c.)

SAM. What's the matter with the old folks, Dick? Another match?

DICK (seating himself at L., lights a cigarette). No. Mrs. Travis has jumped the reservation in regard to her diet, and she's afraid the girls will catch her at it.

SAM (sits on AMY's tabouret). I should think she might be afraid of the young one. She's got a tongue like a traffic cop.

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DICK (*a little coldly*). Amy has rather a decided manner.

SAM (*gloomily*). They all have, confound 'em!

DICK. What's the matter, now? Been flirting with a client and let yourself in for a breach of promise suit?

SAM. I suppose you never flirt with your patients?

DICK. Hardly. Isn't ethical, to begin with, and—well—no one could flirt with my patients. They're all neurasthenics; can't even flirt with each other. If they could, perhaps they wouldn't need a doctor. But what's up with you?

SAM. Honest, Dick, I don't know, but I fear the worst. I'm running away from it now.

DICK (*severely*). What do you mean by "it"?

SAM. Oh, well, then—she!

DICK. Now, look here, Sam, you promised me —

SAM (*crossly*). Oh, cut it out, Major, we're not in France! I don't have to jump when you whistle.

DICK. Unfortunately, no. But come, what's up?

SAM. It looks like a breach of promise suit.

DICK. At last. Who is the courageous lady?

SAM. Worst of it is, I don't know whether she is in earnest or not.

DICK. Well, you'll soon find out.

SAM. You see, well—I've never seen the girl.

DICK. Never seen her! D'you mean to tell me that you've been playing with matrimonial ads?

SAM. No, of course not. It's like this. After those articles of mine were published last year I received quite a number of letters from people I didn't know—an author usually does, you know.

DICK (*dryly*). Does he?

SAM. Most of 'em were just about alike, but this girl—her name is Olga Samaroff —

DICK. Russian or Greenwich Village?

SAM. I'm afraid it's Greenwich Village. She's a writer—does magazine stuff—calls herself a Searcher for Truth.

DICK. That doesn't listen good to me, Sam!

SAM. I know it, but her letters were so interesting—

so different. She wrote first to ask me a professional question, for a story she was writing. It—well—it piqued my curiosity, and before I knew it I was corresponding with her. We wrote to each other all the time I was in the army. She's kept the letters. You've heard of that sort of thing?

DICK. The complication has been used rather freely, I believe, in fiction.

SAM (*ruefully*). Well, it's being used this time in fact. She says we're engaged, and that she's going to marry me.

DICK. Shucks, Sam, she's kidding you. No woman's fool enough to want to marry a man she's never seen.

SAM (*sheepishly*). She says my mentality presents more points of interest to her than that of any man she's ever known.

DICK. Great Cæsar, you can't fall in love with a mentality!

SAM. She doesn't believe in love. She regards marrying me in the light of an experience.

DICK. Well, I guess it would be that. Life with you, Sam, could never be monotonous.

SAM. That's not the point. I don't want to marry her. I don't want to marry anybody—yet. But she says she'll marry me or make me ridiculous.

DICK (*thoughtfully*). She could do both, I suppose.

SAM (*wrathfully*). She shan't do either if I can help it. It's a put up job. I never said a thing in those letters that I wouldn't say to any girl.

DICK. Humph!

SAM (*nervously*). At least, I don't think I did. Of course I was in an awfully lonesome, blue frame of mind just then. I may have said more than I meant to.

DICK. It was about that time that you were so taken with that little French girl—what was her name?

SAM. Oh, you mean Suzette? Oh, I was only interested in Suzette for international reasons.

DICK. What?

SAM. Yes. She's going to bring suit against the German Government for burning down her uncle's mill, and I gave her legal advice. The international aspect of the case interested me immensely.

DICK. Sam, I believe you, but I warn you that nobody else will. Have you any idea of what sort of a person this Olga What's-her-name is?

SAM (*fishing a photograph out of his pocket*). Yes. She sent me this.

DICK (*taking it*). In return for one of yours, I suppose?

SAM (*firmly*). No, sir. I didn't have any with me, fortunately.

DICK (*studying photo*). She's very good looking. Blonde, I should say?

(*The description should agree with the appearance of the girl who takes the part of OLGA.*)

SAM. So she says—with blue eyes. I like dark girls, myself.

DICK. Piquant sort of nose—determined little chin— (SAM groans.) Baby-faced type.

SAM. They're always the worst to get away from. (DICK hands him the photo, but he waves it away.)

No, keep it for me, Dick. I—I don't want it found on me in case anything happens to me.

DICK (*putting photo in his pocket*). Oh, I say!

SAM. I'm human. I suppose I'm just as likely to get run over by an auto as anybody. Besides, I don't want to get into the habit of looking at it. I want my mind free. (Rises; walks up and down.)

DICK. I fail to see how all this concerns me. Of course I'm sorry for you—

SAM (*brutally*). I don't want your sympathy, I want your help. I want you to go and see Olga and—

DICK. See her? Not much. You won't see her yourself, why expose me?

SAM. You're such a steady old boat, Dick, you never rock—while I—oh, what's the use—I tip over when they look at me!

DICK. Ridiculous! All you've got to tell her is that you don't care for her, never did care for her, and couldn't possibly care for her.

SAM. She'll laugh at me.

DICK. In that case, she's an unprincipled woman, and deserves to be shown up.

SAM. I can't show her up without looking like a fool, and a lawyer can't afford to look like a fool. It's not like the medical profession.

DICK. Well, what could I say to her?

SAM. Speak firmly to her. Every woman respects a doctor. Tell her she hasn't a ghost of a suit and that I'll gladly pay her anything in reason to go away and let me alone.

DICK. That's a logical proposition to come from a lawyer.

SAM. Then tell her I've got something the matter with me—insanity, spells, fits, anything you like that people don't want to marry. You must know a lot of disagreeable things that I could have.

DICK. I shall tell her the simple truth.

SAM. Well, if you've got nerve enough for that, you're the one to see her.

DICK. Somebody's got to have it. You've lost yours.

SAM. I have. I've gone to pieces just like those poor chaps with shell shock. Say, Dick, why couldn't you pretend to be me?

DICK (*rising*). Because I've still got some of my brains left, you poor idiot! Where does she live?

SAM. The address is on the photo. You won't find her there now. She's meeting me at the Waldorf for luncheon.

DICK. The deuce she is! It's three o'clock.

SAM. I—I had her paged about one-thirty to say that I was sick in bed and couldn't come.

DICK. You young scoundrel!

SAM. No, no, it wouldn't be right for me to be taking her around and misleading her, would it? I've turned over a new leaf. If you get me out of this —

DICK. That's straight?

SAM. Absolutely! I swear it on my honorable discharge! I say, Dick, you won't mention it to anybody?

DICK. I'm not likely to.

SAM. Even to Inez?

DICK. Particularly to Inez. I'd hate to have her know that I'd been chumming with such a weak-minded idiot.

SAM (*much relieved*). All right, then I'll go and take a dip in the ocean. Bye bye!

(*He goes off jauntily at R., whistling. DICK looks after him and shakes his head hopelessly. Sits at L. again, takes out the photo and studies it with a professional interest.*)

DICK. A mere youngster! What are girls coming to nowadays, anyhow? Got a good face, too. Plenty of determination—bully chin!

(*He remains looking at it. INEZ enters at c. and comes down on tiptoe evidently ready to surprise him with a kiss. She sees the photo, and her face changes.*)

INEZ. Why, Dick!

DICK (*jumping up*). What?

INEZ. Who—who is she?

DICK (*putting photo back in his pocket*). She? Who?

INEZ (*rather uncertainly*). The girl in the photograph, stupid! She—she's pretty. Let me see it.

(*He hesitates then hands it to her.*)

DICK. Do you think so? I hadn't noticed.

INEZ. But — (She puts photo to her face and sniffs at it.) Sachet powder! I don't admire her taste in perfume. Who is she?

DICK. It's just a girl I happened to hear about, and —

INEZ (*sharply*). And so you ran and asked her for her photograph, of course! I quite understand.

DICK (*trying to gain time*). No, I don't think you do,
but I'll try to explain—

INEZ. You needn't, if it's any trouble.

DICK. I don't know why we need make a mystery of
it. She's a friend of a chap I happen to know.
She's—she's a—a manicure girl!

INEZ. That's why you carry her photograph next your
heart, I suppose?

DICK. My heart is on my left side. Next my appen-
dix, if you like. There's nothing sentimental about
the appendix. Now, I carry your picture next my
heart.

INEZ (*bitterly*). I never dreamed you had such a
polygamous nature.

DICK (*horrified*). What?

INEZ (*taking out her handkerchief*). But—but it
doesn't matter! (*Crosses R.*)

DICK (*following*). Of course not, dear. She's a per-
fectly nice girl. My friend says—

INEZ (*angrily*). I haven't a doubt of it. I never
blame the girl in these cases. She tries to do
right, and it's not her fault if men make her life
a burden by their horrid attentions.

DICK. Now, look here, Inez, you're the only girl
whose life I have made a burden by my horrid
attentions, and if you're going to turn against me
on purely circumstantial evidence—

INEZ (*trying not to sob*). I don't call a face like that
“circumstantial evidence,” I call it “proof.”

DICK (*in distress*). I tell you I don't know—I mean
I hardly know the girl!

INEZ. You knew her well enough to ask for her pic-
ture, evidently.

DICK (*eagerly*). No, I didn't! She—she just gave
it to me. They do, sometimes, in barber shops.

INEZ (*wildly*). What!

DICK (*desperately*). It's considered chic to give the
girl's picture with every manicure.

INEZ (*soberly*). Dick, please don't lie to me!

(*Crosses L.*)

DICK (*following*). I wouldn't think of it. I'm not clever enough to lie to you, dearest, I —
INEZ. No, but you're clever enough to lead a double life and to make everybody think that you're such a good young man! Oh, you coward!

DICK (*angrily*). I never tried to make anybody think I was a good young man! I'm not a good young man! I —

INEZ. Even your poor old uncle —

DICK (*stung by the thought*). By George! Uncle! Now, look here, darling, you're not going to be foolish enough to drag Uncle into this? You'll be sorry if you do! Oh, hang it all, I'll tell you —

(He tries to take her in his arms, but she avoids him, runs up c., and looks out door. SAM enters r. in time to hear these last words. He has changed to a bathing suit, and over it a bathrobe. This is a quick change, but can be made if SAM wears the bathing suit under his other costume, and makes the change in the wings.)

SAM. Great Heavens, what's up?

(Comes down l. to DICK, as the latter throws himself into a chair.)

DICK (*angrily*). That photograph is up, you idiot, and I'm in the deuce of a mess! She saw it!

SAM (*in horror*). Great Heavens, man, you haven't been telling a lady's private affairs to a perfect stranger, have you?

DICK (*clasping his head in his hands*). What!

INEZ (*coming down c.*). A perfect stranger! Are you out of your head, Sam Powers?

SAM. Well, you are a perfect stranger to her, aren't you? Why should he —

INEZ (*furiously*). Oh, of course, you'll stand by him! Men always do! Here he is, engaged to me, and carrying on a clandestine affair with a manicure —

A HOT DAY

SAM (*amazed*). A manicure!

DICK (*springing to his feet*). Explain it to her, Sam! Tell her —

INEZ. I don't want him to tell me anything. I wouldn't believe him under oath! I never want to see either of you again!

(*She goes up r. toward door.*)

SAM (*imploringly*). Don't go! You shan't go! If you do I must go with you!

INEZ (*icily*). In those clothes?

(*She sweeps angrily out at r., leaving them staring at each other in helpless amazement.*)

SAM (*wildly*). Hang the clothes! Come back here! Oh, I say, old man, what are we going to do?

DICK (*seizing SAM by the collar of the bathrobe and propelling him toward the door through which INEZ has just gone*). Do? You're going after her and you're going to tell her the truth or I'll break every bone in your body. Get me?

(*As SAM disappears at r. DICK sinks into the chair at l., buries his face in his hands. MIURA enters at l. and removes dishes from table. DICK rises and strides up and down angrily. She exits at l., DICK glaring angrily at her. Enter UNCLE at c.*)

UNCLE. Ah, you're still here, Dick? I want to speak seriously to you.

DICK. What? You, too? Why, you can't have seen Inez yet?

UNCLE (*puzzled*). Seen Inez? What do you mean?

DICK (*nervously*). Oh, nothing, nothing! She and I have had a little row, and I didn't know but that —

UNCLE (*smiling*). I see. A lover's quarrel.

DICK (*uneasily*). Well, something of that sort. She left in rather a huff, but it's coming out all right. I sent Sam after her to explain.

UNCLE. Sam? Why, I just saw him jump into a

machine in his bathing togs and tear down the road!

DICK (*wildly*). The coward! The scoundrel!

UNCLE. Why, Dick, what's the matter?

DICK (*trying to collect himself*). Oh, nothing, nothing! I'm just feeling out of sorts. It's a hot day.

UNCLE (*innocently*). It is, and growing hotter every minute.

DICK (*bitterly*). You've said it. (*Sits at L.*)

UNCLE. Dick, I've been talking with Mrs. Travis—and watching her eat. She'll be a mountain if she goes on. Do—do you think it's in the family?

DICK. Nonsense. Inez is as slender as a—a willow tree.

UNCLE (*gloomily*). I've seen willow trees I couldn't get my arms around.

DICK. Well, don't worry, you don't have to put your arms around her. If Inez grows stout I'll put her on a diet.

UNCLE. Diet! Her mother's on a diet. It only seems to make them more rabid when they cut loose. (*Mysteriously.*) Dick, she tells me she had an eighteen inch waist when she was a girl.

DICK (*wearily*). They all tell you that. In all the course of my professional experience I've never met a stout woman who hadn't once had an eighteen inch waist.

UNCLE. Well, well, perhaps you're right. By the way, boy, I'm thinking of buying old Hanley's practice and presenting it to you the day you and Inez are married.

DICK. Uncle, you're a trump! No matter what happens I appreciate what you've been to me.

(*He seizes UNCLE's hand and wrings it.*)

UNCLE (*a little surprised*). Tut, tut, my boy, glad to do it. Make it up with Inez, and don't forget—watch her diet!

(*Exit, r.*)

DICK. Make it up with Inez! A fat chance I've got

—my only witness gone and this against me! (*He takes the photograph out and looks at it angrily. Then puts it away, lights a cigarette, sits down R. and takes the photograph out again as though fascinated against his will.*) Aren't you ashamed of yourself? A nice-looking girl like you, to stir up trouble like this for two perfectly well meaning young men! I'd like to take you by the shoulders and shake the nonsense out of you!

(*He continues to study it, quite oblivious of OLGA, who enters at c. She carries a red parasol—probably symbolic of her views. She looks around a moment, sees DICK, comes down to him.*)

OLGA. Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Samuel Powers?

DICK (*jumping up*). I—why —— (*Recognizing her at the same moment that she recognizes her photograph in his hand. He puts it in his pocket.*) Why, you must be Olga Samaroff!

OLGA (*smiling sweetly*). And you—you must be my Sam!

DICK. Sam! Hold on, what do you mean! I ——

OLGA. You have my photograph. I find you gazing at it. Don't try to play with me.

DICK. Play with you!

OLGA. You are just the kind of man I knew you would be. (*She goes L., tosses her parasol on the table L., comes back R., seats herself on the tabouret, and looks at DICK affectionately. DICK stares at her all this time in horror and amazement.*) Why did you send me that silly old message?

DICK (*collecting his wits*). My dear girl, of course I have your picture, but I'm not your Sam. I'm Dick—Sam's friend ——

OLGA. It's just another trick to get rid of me. You are afraid to meet me. Why are you afraid to meet me, Sam?

DICK (*wildly*). Look here, please ma'am, don't go on calling me "Sam"!

OLGA (*with the air of one who humors a child*). Oh, well, I'll call you "Dick" if you prefer it. What I want to know is why, after writing me such beautiful letters all the time you were in France, you suddenly refuse to see me?

DICK (*whose brain has stopped working*). Why, I —why, you see —

OLGA. No, I don't. It isn't as though you and I were the usual sentimental sort of people. We have careers —

DICK. I shan't have if you keep this up.

OLGA. Foolish! I'm going to help you in your career. You're the only man I ever met whose mentality appealed to me.

DICK. What do you know about his mentality? A man can say anything in letters. He —

OLGA. You will persist in denying your identity? Can't you trust me?

DICK. No. I can't trust anyone any more.

(*Rises, crosses and sits L.*)

OLGA (*rising and crossing to him*). Oh, don't say that! It isn't like your noble nature. It —

DICK (*feverishly*). But I tell you —

OLGA (*patting his shoulder*). No, I don't want to hear. Just think, I had to go all the way to your office to find out where you were. Then I find you talking to my picture, so I know you don't hate me.

DICK. You're not big enough to hate. I don't approve of you in the least. I think you ought to be in school; not out in the world hatching up breach of promise suits.

OLGA (*dramatically*). The world is my school. I have had many adventures.

DICK. I'll bet you have!

OLGA. I need all the experience I can get. I am going to write a play when I am old—thirty, perhaps. It will throb with red blood.

DICK (*shuddering*). You talk like a young anarchist.

OLGA. I was a young anarchist for awhile. I left

them because I found them so unprogressive. They will cling to red flags and bombs, and they wear such dreadful clothes.

DICK (*clutching his head*). My hat! Am I going mad?

OLGA (*returning to the tabouret*, r.). I was a militant suffragette, too. That picture you have of me was taken while I was on a hunger strike. I'd been fasting for ten days. Just to try it, you know.

DICK. Do you mean to say —

OLGA. Oh, yes, I always finish everything I start.

DICK. Gosh!

OLGA (*pleasantly*). You see, I want every experience. Even this breach of promise suit, which I hope you won't force me to bring, will be interesting.

DICK. Interesting!

OLGA. But you won't make me do it. I can see already that you like me. Tell me, why did you lie to me about the Waldorf? It's so easy to tell the truth.

DICK (*awed*). Easy to tell the truth! Well, it might be if there were no women in the world.

OLGA. Now, let's have a real sensible talk. I'm always sensible. When I joined the Bolsheviks —

DICK (*jumping to his feet with a cry*). I must do something quick! This will never do! (*Stopping before her.*) Listen to me. I'm going to tell you the truth. I can't marry you.

OLGA. Can't? Why?

DICK. Because I—well—I have a very peculiar affliction. When I was a baby, my nurse dropped me —

OLGA (*tenderly*). Oh!

DICK (*taking heart*). Yes, dropped me hard—on a cement pavement. (*With a gesture of slamming something down.*) Like that!

OLGA. Oh!

DICK. And I have been peculiar ever since.

OLGA. Peculiar?

DICK. There is a very difficult medical term which

describes my complaint—but you wouldn't understand it. To descend to the vernacular, I am "nutty" at times.

OLGA. Nutty!

DICK. I don't do anything desperate, I just disappear.

OLGA. Disappear?

DICK. Yes. It's a beastly habit. Suppose we were married and were giving a dinner party; I might disappear ten minutes beforehand and not turn up for a week. Think of the awkwardness of it. I'm likely to do it any time. I may do it at the altar.

OLGA (*sweetly*). But I'll keep my eye on you at the altar. I don't think you'll disappear.

DICK. Do you mean to say you won't give me up?

OLGA. Less than ever, now that I know how much you need me. Of course, if it were hereditary, my duty to posterity —

DICK. Oh, thunder! (*Aside.*) Why didn't I make it hereditary? Blamed fool!

OLGA (*rising*). Come, I want to go out and see the golf links. I want you to show me around a little and introduce me to your friends.

DICK (*wildly*). Look here, Olga, never mind my friends; where are those letters?

OLGA. In my safety deposit box, of course.

DICK. I want to see them. I've got to see them. Not another step do I go in this business till I've seen them. Come on!

(*He picks up his cap and seizes her by the arm.*)

OLGA. Oh, very well, I suppose I must humor you. And then afterwards we'll go somewhere for a nice little dinner, shall we?

DICK. Anything—anything—only let's get out of here.

(*He hurries her off, so that she leaves her red parasol on the table. They go out at c. Enter at R. INEZ and UNCLE. She is leaning on his arm.*)

UNCLE. There, there! I thought you were foolish

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to play in this heat. Of course your head would ache.

INEZ (*in distress*). It isn't my head that's upset me, Uncle Philip, it's my heart. I'm afraid I've been hasty with Dick. If I've misjudged him —

UNCLE (*leading her to chair down R. and fanning her*). You have misjudged him. He said so.

INEZ. I began to worry the minute I'd left him. Dick has always been so truthful. And yet, that photograph —

UNCLE (*seating himself on the tabouret, down R.*). What photograph?

INEZ. The one of the manicure girl. He was carrying it in his pocket.

UNCLE. My Dick carrying a manicure girl's picture in his pocket? Am I mad?

INEZ. He — (*She stops, rises, sniffs, makes a grimace, and her eyes light on the parasol. She goes to table L., picks up parasol and smells it.*) Sachet powder! I'll bet anything —

UNCLE (R.). My dear girl! How can you —

INEZ (*rising*). She's been here. I know she has. She —

(Enter MRS. TRAVIS at c. with AMY. They come down L.)

MRS. T. Oh, there you are, dear. Don't you think it's about time to be starting home for dinner?

UNCLE (*appalled*). Dinner!

INEZ (*tragically*). Dinner! What do I care about food? Look at this!

(*She brandishes the parasol—the others look amazed. OLGA's voice is heard off stage.*)

OLGA. I tell you, Dick dear, I know I left it there. I wouldn't lose that parasol for worlds! (*OLGA appears at c. followed by DICK. They all stand as though petrified, except OLGA, who comes down c.*) What are you doing with my parasol?

INEZ (*wildly*). The manicure girl!

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(She sinks fainting into chair, l. UNCLE rushes to her and rubs her hands. MRS. T. and AMY stare at OLGA who is staring at INEZ.)

DICK (dashing at OLGA, seizes her by the hand and drags her up stage to c. just as LUCY and MAY appear at r. in amazement.) Gosh!

(Curtain falls as he drags OLGA unwillingly off at c. UNCLE continues to chafe INEZ'S hands; the parasol remains on the table where it fell from her hands. LUCY and MAY at r. MRS. T. and AMY at l. stare at each other in bewilderment.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

(Evening of the same day. Same setting. Shades at the windows have been lowered; the table at L. has been pushed back in front of the window, the red parasol being still on it. On a small table down R. is a punch bowl with glasses. Colored lamps will add to the attractiveness of the scene. As the curtain rises, MAY is discovered, standing down L., in evening dress. MIURA is on her knees pinning a tear in the hem of the dress. LUCY is seated at R. repairing her complexion with the aid of a pocket mirror and vanity box. She is also in evening dress. Dance music heard faintly off stage at intervals throughout the act.)

MAY. Has anyone seen Dick?

LUCY. Dick! I should say not! He rushed that girl away, and nobody has seen either of them since.

Very odd behavior for an engaged man—I call it.

MAY. I thought she had a good deal of style for a manicure.

LUCY. Style? My dear, they have all the style nowadays—those girls. They're the only ones who can afford to dress.

MAY. He looked guilty. Didn't you think so?

LUCY (*deliberately*). Well, I suppose anybody'd look guilty with a girl like that hanging on to him, and his fiancée fainting all over the room.

MAY (*shaking her head*). I'm afraid our boys picked up some very strange ideas over in France.

LUCY. I didn't suppose Dick Fuller would know a strange idea if he met it.

MAY. Of course Inez won't come to-night. They'll hush it up, and we'll never know the truth of it.

MIURA (*looking up interestedly*). Oh, yes, honorable fiancée, she come. She in dressing room now.

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MAY (*staring down at MIURA*). Well, of all things!
(*Coolly.*) Thank you, you've fixed that very
nicely. I'm much obliged.

MIURA (*rising*). Oh, yes, all light now.

(*Exit, L.*)

MAY. Gracious, I forgot she was around, didn't you?
Orientals are so creepy.

LUCY. Aren't they! But if people will get them-
selves mixed up in scandals they've only them-
selves to blame when they're talked about.

MAY. I think so, too. (*She goes up to bowl, drinks
a cup of punch.* LUCY, *down R., is still absorbed
in face culture.*) I wonder if Dick's uncle will
cut him off with a shilling?

LUCY. Can't tell. She was pretty, wasn't she?

MAY. Stunning. Well, Sam Powers will know all
about it. I hope he comes to-night.

LUCY (*putting away her mirror and rising*). He'd
better—I've two dances with him. Come on; if
we stay in here any longer, the men will think
we're prinking.

(*Goes up c. and takes MAY's arm.*)

MAY. Do you know, they say that the new bathing
suits —

(*They go out c., turning to R. A little shriek of
laughter is heard as they disappear. DICK dashes
in at R. wild looking and excited. He throws him-
self down in the chair at L. Hears the girls'
giggles and scowls angrily.*)

DICK. There's no use, she's got us both. Sam with
the letters, and me on circumstantial evidence.
If I hadn't been smart enough to lose her in that
restaurant!

(*He lights a cigarette, groans disgustedly, his head in
his hands. MIURA enters at L. Listens to his
groans in surprise.*)

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Miura. Oh my, you sick?

Dick (*angrily*). No!

Miura (*going to punch bowl r. and bringing him a glass of punch*). You drink. You feel better. All honorable man feel better when drunk.

(*She kneels before him offering the glass.*)

Dick (*drinking it*). Thanks—thanks awfully—but, I say, please don't do that!

Miura (*smiling*). Do what?

Dick (*sharply*). Don't kneel around me like that. This isn't opera, and I've got to be awfully careful of appearances from now on.

(*He groans again.*)

Miura (*still kneeling*). Why you go like that? (*Imitates him.*) You sick again?

Dick. No. Tell me, Yum Yum, do they have breach of promise suits in your country?

Miura (*giggling*). What those things? You wear 'em—all same one piece bathing suits?

Dick. She's never even heard of 'em. That's the place for Sam and me to go. The only safe spot.

Miura. You go Japan? He very safe—plenty battleship—plenty soldier—good place—Japan!

(*Enter Amy hurriedly from r. She is in evening dress and wrap.*)

Amy. Oh, Dick — (She stops suddenly.)

Dick (*rising quickly, pushes the glass into Miura's hands*). Come in! She's showing me how they do these things in Japan.

Amy (*skeptically*). Oh!

Dick. Yes. Run along, Yum Yum, I'm busy. (*Miura obediently runs off at L. Dick turns sharply to Amy.*) Well?

Amy. Dick, something dreadful has happened!

Dick (*earnestly*). I know it, but I swear to you, Amy —

Amy. Oh, I don't mean your manicure girl! I don't

believe that was your fault, no matter what Mother says. I believe you're just an easy mark.

(With a meaning glance after MIURA.)

DICK (*seizing both her hands joyously*). Amy, do you mean that? If you can only persuade Inez —
AMY (*impatiently*). Oh, never mind that, now. I tell you something awful has happened to Sam Powers.

DICK (*angrily*). I know what's happened to him. He's run away—the coward!

AMY (*reproachfully*). Dick, how can you say such things?

DICK. How can I? Don't I know what he did? Hasn't he deserted me in my time of need? If I hadn't been smart enough to —

AMY (*wildly*). Oh, can't you think of anybody but yourself? I tell you Sam has just 'phoned that he's been arrested —

DICK. He ought to be.

AMY (*tragically*). He's been pinched for driving forty miles an hour in a bathing suit, and punching the head of the cop that nabbed him!

DICK (*dazed*). Amy, child, your language—I don't feel very well—would you mind translating?

AMY. He is in the police court for disorderly conduct, speeding, and assaulting an officer. Is that clear?

DICK. Horribly. Say, we must get him out. He's my only witness, understand.

AMY. But there's a hundred dollar fine! He would have been all right if he only hadn't made the policeman's nose bleed. Oh, why can't people realize how perishable policemen are!

(She seems about to burst into tears. DICK eyes her suspiciously.)

DICK. Why this sudden interest in old Sam? And why should he 'phone you?

AMY (*indignantly and volubly*). Because he knows

I've been arrested myself, and that I can appreciate his sufferings much better than any of you perfect people. That's why! But what's the use? I'm broke.

DICK. He must be released and brought here at once—I need him. (*He takes his check book from his pocket, also a fountain pen and writes a check. He hands it to her.*) You go down there and pay that fine and bring him back. Don't let him get away.

AMY (*folding the check delightedly*). Why should he want to get away?

DICK (*severely*). Because he's a natural quitter. You keep your eye on him. I'd go with you, but I've got to see Inez. (*AMY starts to go, but he stops her.*) And no flirting with him. Understand?

AMY (*scornfully*). Well, for a person who's been going your pace, I must say you're a bit particular!

(*She sails out airily at R.*)

DICK (*wildly*). Even the infants are doing it! Oh, wait till I get my hands on Sam Powers!

(*He crosses up stage, clenching his fists angrily, runs against UNCLE PHILIP, who is entering R. UNCLE seizes DICK's arm and brings him severely down c.*)

UNCLE (*indignantly*). Oh, here you are, you young Don Juan!

DICK. Uncle, I assure you —

UNCLE. Sit down. I want to talk to you.

DICK (*nervously*). I'm sorry. I'm too nervous to talk. Later —

UNCLE. Not later, but now. This is my interview. I'll do the talking. Sit down!

(*DICK sits abruptly.*)

DICK. Since you insist —

UNCLE (*seating himself at L.*). Young man, I am

deeply disappointed in you—deeply. My confidence has been misplaced—my good nature abused.

DICK (*c., earnestly*). Uncle, if you will listen to an explanation—

UNCLE. Keep still, sir. Nothing irritates me so as explanations of things that can't be explained.

DICK. Oh, very well, go on. (*Goes R. and sits.*)

UNCLE. I will. While I feel that I have been badly treated, sir, I do not lose sight of the fact that there is someone else who has been more shamefully abused than myself.

DICK. You bet I have.

UNCLE. You? No, not you. I mean that lovely girl to whom you are engaged. I mean Inez, sir.

DICK. Go on, rub it in. I can't feel any worse than I do.

UNCLE. I am glad your conscience hurts you. Now, young man, I don't propose to have that girl's heart broken.

DICK. What are you going to do about it? I called her on the 'phone and told her I was innocent, and she refused to believe me.

UNCLE. Naturally. How can she believe you innocent? Tell her something she can believe.

DICK. What?

UNCLE. I'm not condoning your offence, I'm only trying to save her feelings. Make a clean breast of it, Dick, and she'll forgive you.

DICK (*hotly*). She has no business to forgive me if she thinks I've been making love to another girl.

UNCLE. Women are noble creatures. Tell her the truth, Dick.

DICK. I can't—just now.

UNCLE (*disgustedly*). Then tell her a better yarn than that one about your being innocent. Didn't she see the girl?

DICK (*angrily*). A perfectly decent young woman—

UNCLE. Don't yell at me, sir. I don't believe in falsehoods—as a general thing—but I fear that they

are necessary at times, to save the feelings of others. You do love Inez?

DICK. Love her? I adore her. She's the only girl in the world for me.

UNCLE. Then I'll help you. We'll tell Inez that the girl was a patient of yours —

DICK. No, that won't do.

UNCLE. Leave it to me. She's in the dressing room with her mother. Calm yourself and get your story ready. I'll have them here in a jiffy.

(UNCLE rises, starts L. DICK jumps up and grabs him.)

DICK. No, I can't lie to her!

UNCLE (*touchily*). Well, if you can't tell her the truth, and you can't lie to her, I fail to see —

DICK. But I —

MRS. T. (*voice heard off stage*). I tell you, I've had my suspicions for some time, my dear.

DICK (*in a panic*). Here they are! You prepare 'em. I'll do what I can.

(*He bolts off at c. MRS. TRAVIS and INEZ enter at L. MRS. T. is talking.*)

MRS. T. And I think it's very queer of you to want to come here to-night after what happened this afternoon. Good-evening, Mr. Pemberton.

(*She crosses and sits R.*)

UNCLE (*remaining at c.*). Good-evening, dear lady.

INEZ (*sinking listlessly into chair L.*). Do you think I'm going to have Dick Fuller imagining that I've gone into retirement for life just because he's jilted me?

UNCLE (*horrified*). My dear child, what a horrible expression!

MRS. T. I'm ashamed of you. The young man proved unworthy, and you broke the engagement.

INEZ (*doubtfully*). Yes.

MRS. T. And fortunate you are to have found him out now instead of later.

INEZ. I—I suppose so.

UNCLE. Don't you think you're a little hard on the boy, madam?

MRS. T. Hard on him! Did you see the hussy?

INEZ. And the parasol?

UNCLE. I did. I admit it looks bad for him, but you must remember that we haven't heard his side of the story.

INEZ. That's what I said, Mother.

MRS. T. Humph! The less said about his side the better. I regard him as a male vampire.

INEZ. Mother!

UNCLE. My dear Mrs. Travis!

MRS. T. A male vampire—no more, no less.

(INEZ *sobs*.)

UNCLE (*hastily*). Now, now, let's not take this affair too seriously. Did you ever stop to think that she might have been a patient?

INEZ. Oh, she couldn't be. Dick's patients are all nervous wrecks.

UNCLE. She may look healthier than she is. There are women like that.

MRS. T. Indeed there are! Why, my heart —

INEZ (*quickly*). Uncle Phil, you've seen Dick?

UNCLE. I have, and he's all impatience to see you and tell you—ahem—the truth. Let me find him!

MRS. T. What's the use of getting ourselves all stirred up again? I couldn't eat a mouthful of dinner.

INEZ (*rising*). I will see him. I don't care what happens. Where is he?

UNCLE. He was out on the veranda awhile ago.

(INEZ *goes up stage*.)

MRS. T. Now, Inez —

INEZ (*calling at door up c.*). Dick!

(DICK, who has been listening anxiously, rushes in and embraces her.)

DICK. Darling!

INEZ (*pushing him away and coming down L. again.*

DICK comes down c.). No, don't touch me!

MRS. T. Not so fast, young man. We should like a simple explanation of your extraordinary conduct this afternoon.

INEZ. Why did you carry her picture around with you? And why did you bring her here? And why does she carry that horrid red parasol? And why do you let her call you "Dick, dear"—

DICK (*wildly*). Do you call that a simple explanation?

UNCLE (*calmly*). Certainly. Tell the ladies, Dick, why this—that peculiar patient of yours carries a red parasol.

DICK. Because—because she's a Bolshevik.

ALL (*horrified*). A Bolshevik!

DICK. Yes. Red's their color, isn't it? I thought everybody knew that.

INEZ (*awed*). Is she a real Bolshevik?

DICK. Of course. Doesn't she act like it?

INEZ. But that doesn't explain her calling you "Dick, dear."

DICK. Yes, it does. There is no social humbug about the Bolsheviks. They call everybody "Bill" and "Dick" and "Ike."

MRS. T. But why did you tell Inez that she was a manicure girl?

DICK. Why? Why, you see, she—Mrs. Brown —

INEZ. Mrs. Brown!

DICK. That's her name—Mrs. Brown. And she is traveling incognito.

(*During these explanations, Uncle manifests considerable agitation, evidently doubting Dick's ability to carry the thing through.*)

MRS. T. I fail to see the reason for a person named "Brown" to travel incognito.

DICK (*snappishly*). Well, you don't have to see it; Mrs. Brown sees it, and that's enough. She's tremendously rich and is doing manicuring for the experience.

INEZ. Experience!

MRS. T. Where is Mr. Brown?

DICK. Oh, he's in Russia, keeping the home fires burning. He —

INEZ (*throwing herself into DICK's arms*). Oh, Dick, dear, do forgive me! I do believe you, because I know you couldn't be so wicked as to flirt with a married woman. If she is married, that settles it.

DICK (*rushing to her*). Darling!

MRS. T. But I must say that I think you might have made it a little plainer in the beginning that she was a patient and rich.

UNCLE. He was too hurt, madam, to have his wits about him.

DICK (*embracing INEZ*). Exactly.

UNCLE (*to MRS. T.*). What do you say, dear lady, to a little stroll on the veranda? With some of this excellent punch, and a wafer or two?

MRS. T. (*weakening*). Well—I don't mind —
(*They go to the punch bowl, UNCLE helping her gallantly to punch and wafers.*) Four, please; they're very small.

(*Exit both at c.*)

INEZ. Dick, how could I have misjudged you?

DICK. You couldn't. You were influenced by others.

INEZ. That was it. And this is what you wanted Sam to tell me?

DICK. Why, well, practically, dear, practically.

INEZ. I wonder why he behaved so queerly?

DICK. Do you know, I often wonder that about Sam?
Let's go and dance, shall we?

INEZ. I'm afraid I've promised this one. The next —

DICK. And the next and the next—all mine.

INEZ (*laughing, taking a tiny powder puff from her handkerchief*). All right. Is my nose frightfully red?

DICK (*surveying it seriously*). A trifle. But it's a wonderful nose, dearest.

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(*He takes the little puff from her and powders it carefully for her.*)

INEZ (*running off at R.*). Wait here for me—don't forget.

DICK (*earnestly*). Forget? Never.

(*Overcome by the change for the better in the situation, he walks up and down, whistling happily. Then he lights a cigarette and is about to seat himself at R. when he sees OLGA enter at L. He stops in horror.*)

OLGA. Well?

DICK. Gosh!

OLGA. I've come for an explanation.

DICK. You're too late; I've used them all up.

OLGA. Two explanations. First, why did you tell people that I was a manicure girl; second, why did you walk off and leave me alone in that restaurant?

DICK (*hedging*). Why?

OLGA. You said you were going out to get a cigarette, but I noticed that the other men got theirs from the waiter.

DICK. I smoke only a certain kind. They don't carry 'em in restaurants—too expensive.

OLGA. How foolish to smoke such expensive cigarettes that restaurants can't carry them! When we are married I shall teach you better ways.

(*Intensely.*) We shall live among the masses—

DICK. Oh, yes, I know. Chase the festive bomb from meeting to meeting and all that sort of thing—but wait till we're married.

OLGA. How often must I tell you that I don't believe in bombs? They're out of date.

DICK. Are they? I thought they were being used a good deal this season.

OLGA (*dreamily*). When the soviet government is established—

DICK (*energetically*). Look here, you're going to get pinched, talking that way. Come here, I want to

show you something. (*He goes up to window, OLGA following.*) Do you see that elderly gentleman sitting out there with the fat lady?

OLGA. Yes. Your uncle, isn't he?

DICK (*bringing her down c. again*). Don't let him see you!

OLGA. Why not? I like him.

DICK. Because he is looking for you.

OLGA. For me?

DICK. Yes. He's my uncle all right; but he's also in the Secret Service.

OLGA (*a little frightened*). A plain clothes man?

DICK. Something of the sort.

OLGA. But what does he know about me?

DICK (*mysteriously*). Everything.

OLGA. Oh, no!

DICK. Oh, yes. I tried to save you by saying that you were a manicure girl, but he was too deep for me. Any moment he may come in here and see you —

OLGA. But I haven't done anything!

DICK. What do the police care whether you've done anything or not? Their business is to grab you. You're a suspicious character —

OLGA (*clinging to DICK's arm*). Do you mean to say that he'd arrest me?

DICK. Would he? He'd rather do it than eat.

OLGA. Oh!

DICK. I'll tell you what you'd better do. You go into the dressing room—it's the first door to the right (*he leads her L.*) and you stay there till after the next dance, and then I'll take you away. See?

OLGA. But why wait till after the next dance? I want to go now. I don't want to be arrested! I won't be arrested!

DICK. No, I can't go till after the next dance. It would arouse suspicions. You go in there and —

OLGA (*pulling away*). No, no —

DICK. Go on, there's somebody coming—I hear voices! I'll come for you after the next dance.

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(He opens the door, pushes her out L., and shuts it, standing with his back against it. MAY enters at R.)

MAY. Oh, hello, Dick!

DICK (*moving away from the door*). Hello!

MAY (*crossing L. to him*). Where's the Jap? That place she pinned in my skirt has all come out again. Such a bother!

(*She starts to go out L. DICK stops her.*)

DICK. No, no, she's not there.

MAY. Where is she?

DICK (*thinking rapidly*). Why, she's gone to the corner—after a headache powder.

MAY (*giggling*). How funny! I didn't know they had headaches. Now, I'll have to fix it myself, I suppose. (*Starts L.*)

DICK. No, no, don't fix it there—fix it here!

MAY (*blankly*). Well, I never!

DICK (*hurriedly*). You see, she locked the dressing room door when she went. Couldn't leave the coats and things, you know.

MAY (*rather irritated*). Well, how am I going to do it without a mirror, I'd like to know? This is fine service!

DICK (*cheerfully*). Rotten! Let me do it for you.

MAY. You!

DICK. Yes, I'm a wizard with a needle.

MAY. There's no needle about this; you'll have to pin it. (*She shows him the place in the hem and pulls the pins out.*) It will be good practice for you.

DICK (*getting on his knees and starting to pin*). Ripping!

(OLGA *cautiously opens door at L., peers in. MAY's back is toward her but DICK, who is facing front, catches sight of her. In his agitation, waving her back, he drives a pin sharply into MAY's ankle.*)

MAY. Ouch! (OLGA *disappears.*)

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DICK. Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm as clumsy as an elephant.

MAY. Aren't you nearly through?

DICK. All through. Fine job.

(*Fans himself. MAY examines the hem over her shoulder and decides that it is all right.*)

MAY. It looks all right.

DICK (*rising and looking apprehensively at door L.*). I say, let's get out of here. Aren't you dancing?

MAY. Yes, but I've got this next one with Sam, and he's not here. Come on, let's have it together.

DICK. Delighted, but —

MAY. You needn't worry about Inez being jealous; she's having a wonderful flirtation with that Smith boy. Come on, I want to hear all about that cute little manicure girl!

(*She seizes the helpless DICK by the arm and drags him off at R. just as INEZ appears at C.*)

INEZ (*staring wrathfully after them*). Well, I never! First he flirts with a patient and then with my best friend! Oh, how I hate men! (*She stamps her foot angrily. OLGA appears at L.; starts to enter, sees INEZ and draws back. INEZ sees her.*) Don't let me disturb you, Mrs. Brown, I am just leaving.

OLGA (*puzzled*). Brown!

INEZ. Oh, don't explain—I quite understand! Only— (*fiercely*) I don't see why you have to follow him around all the time, even if you are a—a Bolshevik!

(*She rushes off at R. OLGA stares after her in amazement.*)

OLGA. That woman's crazy! She's the one that stole my parasol, too. Mrs. Brown, indeed! I'm going after her.

(*Starts to cross R. when UNCLE enters at C.*)

UNCLE. Ahem!

OLGA (*stopping*). Oh!

UNCLE (*severely*). One moment, young lady! What are you doing here?

OLGA (*scared*). Nothing! Not a thing in the world, Mr.—

UNCLE. Pemberton. I am Dick's uncle.

OLGA (*nervously*). Oh, yes, Dick said you were his uncle. (*Desperately.*) He said you were after me.

UNCLE (*horrified*). After you? My dear young lady, are you out of your head?

OLGA (*angrily*). Then that was a lie, too? Oh, how I hate him for this!

UNCLE. If you mean that my nephew has been deceiving you—

OLGA (*eagerly*). Oh, yes—yes—he has! Shamefully!

UNCLE. Gained your affections by false representations—

OLGA. No, not exactly. He did it by letters.

UNCLE. Letters!

OLGA. Yes. We corresponded all the time he was in France.

UNCLE. Oh, what perfidy!

OLGA. And now he says he doesn't care for me. He even tried to pretend to me that he wasn't the man who wrote the letters.

UNCLE (*shocked*). Dreadful. Sit down, my dear, and tell me all about it.

(OLGA sits at L. UNCLE brings another chair and sits near her.)

OLGA. You're perfectly sure you're not a plain clothes man?

UNCLE. Good Heavens! Why should I be a plain clothes man?

OLGA. What an idiot I've been!

UNCLE. Tut, tut, my child, young folks are always foolish.

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OLGA. I'll never speak to a young man again. How lovely of you to understand!

UNCLE (*flattered*). Suppose you tell me something about yourself?

OLGA. Well, you see, I'm not really Russian.

UNCLE. Thank Heaven.

OLGA. No, I came from a small town in Michigan.

UNCLE. From Michigan. How very interesting.

OLGA. I've always been a great reader. I read all the best sellers.

UNCLE. Dear me!

OLGA (*dreamily*). I read all about artists, and anarchists, bombs and Bolsheviks, suffragettes and spies and suicides —

UNCLE. Upon my word!

OLGA. And when I saw how people liked to read about those things, I made up my mind that I could write them, too. So I did. I wrote a lot of them for the magazines.

UNCLE. Bless me!

OLGA. Anonymously, of course. My people are very respectable—and disgustingly rich.

UNCLE. Indeed?

OLGA. Oh, yes. So I called myself "Olga Samaroff." My real name is Jane Jones.

UNCLE. A sweet name. And—somehow—quite familiar! (*He tries to remember something.*)

OLGA. You are a dear! Old men are very much nicer than young ones. Then I came to New York because I thought it would be interesting to see some of the things happen that I had been writing about.

UNCLE. A very dangerous step, my dear.

OLGA. Oh, I got along all right till I fell in love with Dick's mentality.

UNCLE. With his mentality!

OLGA. Yes, I revered it, but I don't any more. I'm disappointed in him.

UNCLE. So am I—horribly.

OLGA. Now, you are different. You have brains.

UNCLE. No, really!

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OLGA. I adore brains.

UNCLE. Most unusual in a young person. You seem to have real penetration.

OLGA. I want to know you better. Can't we dance? I'm wild to dance.

UNCLE. We might, but —

OLGA. You're afraid Dick won't like it?

UNCLE. Confound Dick! What has he got to do with it? (*Rises.*)

OLGA (*jumping up*). Let's make him jealous, shall we?

(Enter MIURA at L. She comes down R. to punch bowl to fill a tray of glasses.)

UNCLE. We will. Lead on.

(They go out at r. MIURA continues filling the glasses, though she takes in the fact that UNCLE and OLGA are indulging in a flirtation. DICK enters hastily at c., comes down r. and seizes MIURA by the shoulders.)

DICK. Tell her to come out.

MIURA. Who come out?

DICK. The young lady in there. (Points L.)

MIURA. Them young lady, she gone.

DICK. Gone!

MIURA. Honorable old man he take her away!

DICK. Am I losing my mind! See here —

(He shakes MIURA as though to shake the truth out of her. AMY and SAM enter at r. SAM is in a very shabby suit of clothes. He suggests the place he has come from—the workhouse. They pause up c.)

AMY. Here he is!

DICK. Well, I'll be —

(He drops MIURA, who scuds away at L.)

AMY. Wasn't I quick? I had to go clear to the work-

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house for him. That policeman's nose is all over his face. (*SAM and AMY come down c.*)

SAM. Serves him right. He'll mind his own business next time.

DICK. You're a heavenly one to talk about minding one's business, aren't you?

SAM. What d'you mean?

DICK. You know what I mean. Where'd you get those clothes?

SAM. They loaned 'em to me at the workhouse.

DICK. I believe you.

AMY. Well, what did you expect him to do? Go around with a lady in his bathing suit?

(*She takes off her wrap, goes L., and exit L. into the dressing room. DICK seizes SAM by the shoulder.*)

DICK (*down c.*). Listen to me. I'm going to get Inez and her mother in here and you're going to tell them the truth. D'you get me?

SAM (*down c., wriggling*). But, I say —

DICK (*holding him*). You're going to tell them the truth! She's here! (*SAM starts to bolt.*) No, you don't. Not this time.

SAM. Do you mean to say that Olga is here—in this building?

DICK. Exactly. Dancing with my uncle.

SAM. Dancing with —

DICK. I took her out and lost her in a restaurant, but she came back.

SAM. But—but it's not possible!

DICK. Of course not, but it's true. She thinks I am you.

SAM. But, say, that's just what we wanted her to think, isn't it?

DICK. Oh, did we? Well, it's not what my fiancée and her mother and my rich uncle want her to think. You stay here till I get hold of them, or you'll get something that'll make the workhouse seem sweet. Get me?

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(*He goes up and dashes out at r. SAM looks about wildly.*)

SAM. Here! In this house! What'll I do?

(*Starts up stage. AMY enters l., hat and wrap removed.*)

AMY. What's the matter? Was Dick disagreeable?

SAM. Disagreeable!

AMY. It's that parasol girl. She's on his nerves.

SAM. Let's not talk about her. I want to ask you something.

AMY (*shyly*). Yes?

SAM. First of all, I want to tell you that I'll never forget how perfectly ripping you've been to-night.

AMY. Nonsense.

(*She comes down l. SAM follows.*)

SAM. You know, I've admired you tremendously ever since that day you bawled me out from the ambulance.

AMY. I didn't! I only said —

SAM. Yes, yes, I remember what you said. I thought you were awfully plucky.

AMY. I thought you were awfully rude.

SAM. I was—I am, but I'm trying to reform. I just wanted to tell you that no matter what you hear about me in the next few minutes—even if I say it, myself, it doesn't mean that I don't think a lot of you and appreciate what you've done for me.

AMY. Good gracious, you talk like the hero of a movie! Has the workhouse gone to your head, Sam?

SAM. I'm not the hero—I'm the villain.

AMY. Don't you call yourself a villain. I won't have it.

SAM. Say, Amy, do you suppose you could like me a little bit?

AMY. Well, I might, Sam, if you had your own clothes on.

SAM. Honest to goodness? Say, Amy —

AMY. Hush, that Jap will hear you!
SAM (*coming closer*). I don't care —

(Enter DICK with INEZ by one arm and MRS. TRAVIS by the other, from R., and leads them down R. C. SAM and AMY jump apart.)

DICK. Here they are. Tell 'em your share of it, while I go and rope Uncle.

(He dashes out at R. The others stare at SAM in amazement.)

INEZ. You needn't tell me anything! I don't wish to hear it!

MRS. T. (*down R. C., to SAM*). Where have you been—in those awful clothes!

SAM (*down L., shortly*). In the workhouse.

MRS. T. Amy, don't you go near that young man till he's been fumigated.

AMY (*down L., to SAM*). What did he mean by your share of it?

SAM. Listen to me. I've got to tell you or Dick will run amuk all over the place. This Mrs. Green —

INEZ (*down R.*). Mrs. Green!

SAM. Yes, that's her name at present.

MRS. T. At present!

SAM. Yes, she's a client of mine, and I'm getting her a divorce from Green, who's a brute.

AMY. How splendid of you!

SAM. She's living here so that she can say that Mr. Green deserted her. The law, you know, requires an excuse.

INEZ. I thought you said that Mr. Green was a brute. That's some excuse, I should think.

SAM. I meant "brute" in a figurative sense. I don't mean that he beats her, I mean that like too many men he is unable to understand a sensitive woman.

INEZ. I've noticed that. But it doesn't explain her running after Dick.

MRS. T. Or his telling us that she was a patient of his.

(OLGA's face appears in the opening at c. She listens.)

INEZ. You'll have to do better than that, Sam Powers!

(*Bewilderment on OLGA's face.*)

SAM. I don't know why her being a client of mine need prevent her being a patient of Dick's.

MRS. T. Nor I. It seems a natural result. She's probably a lunatic.

AMY. But, Sammy, Dick said she was a manicure.

SAM. Well, am I to blame because Dick's a liar? She's not a manicure. I'll take my oath as a lawyer that she's not.

(Enter DICK r., with LUCY by one arm and MAY by the other. They come to c. OLGA disappears.)

DICK. I can't find Uncle. Ten to one she's eloped with him.

MRS. T. (*down r.*). A family characteristic.

DICK (c.). What do you mean by that?

MRS. T. I mean that Inez is a very lucky girl to have found out about Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green before she married either of you young men.

(SAM starts up c. toward DICK.)

AMY (*indignantly*). Mother!

INEZ (*down r.*). Nothing would induce me to marry either of them.

LUCY (*going down r.*). You're right.

MAY (*going down r.*). That's the spirit.

(They gather round INEZ. MRS. T. crosses L. and stands between AMY and SAM. SAM and DICK are at c., a little up stage.)

DICK (*angrily to SAM*). What have you told them?

(Enter OLGA angrily, at c. She comes down between DICK and SAM. They both groan.)

OLGA. Lies! All lies! Hundreds of them!

INEZ (*bursting into tears*). Oh!

OLGA. Come in, Mr. Pemberton; I want you to hear

the truth. (*Enter UNCLE at c.; comes down. OLGA takes him by the hand. She and UNCLE are now in c., with DICK at UNCLE's r. and SAM at OLGA's l. INEZ and the two girls at the extreme r., MRS. T. and AMY the extreme l., MIURA peeking in the doorway at l.*) You are the only one who's been a real friend to me.

DICK (*snappishly*). Well, telling him the truth is no way to keep his friendship.

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Samuel Powers, I know you now! (*SAM quails. OLGA points to him scornfully.*) Listen, all of you. He wrote to me all the time he was in France, until I thought I was in love with his brains —

ALL. His brains!

OLGA. Till I thought him the man I had dreamed of. And then he allowed another man to pretend to be him in order to get rid of me.

UNCLE. Coward!

SAM. I'm not a coward. I wasn't a bit scared over in France, but she —

OLGA. You needn't be afraid of me any more, either of you. I'm through with you both. Neither of you is able to hold the interest of a serious minded woman.

INEZ. Dick! (*DICK flies to her, down r.*)

DICK. Yes, dearest.

INEZ. You didn't make love to her?

DICK. Not an inch.

(*He embraces her. SAM turns to AMY, but encounters MRS. T.*)

OLGA. I detest you both. Mr. Pemberton, I'm going back to the little town in Michigan, where I was happy. I'm tired of being a Bolshevik.

SAM. Thank the Lord!

UNCLE. We'll take the next train.

(*He gives her his arm, and they go off at c.*)

SAM (*in a hollow tone*). She's got him!

MRS. T. Minx!

DICK (*to SAM*). Now, see what you've done! Ruined my prospects!

INEZ. He'll never do a thing for us, now.

MRS. T. That monster will seize everything in sight.

SAM. Oh, say, he can't be serious.

AMY. Yes, he can. He has strength of character.
He doesn't flirt with every girl he meets.

SAM. My dear girl —

(*He tries to take her hand.*)

AMY. Not in those clothes!

SAM (*humbly*). Would you prefer the bathing suit?
I've got that on underneath.

MRS. T. Sir!

(*Enter UNCLE at c. in a hurry and breathless.*)

UNCLE. Her parasol! She left it on the table. (LUCY
hands it to him.) Thank you, my dear.

MRS. T. Viper!

UNCLE. Hold on! You don't understand. Miss Jane
Jones —

ALL. Jones?

UNCLE. That's her name. I thought it sounded familiar, but I've just got the connection. She's the daughter of that millionaire chap out in Michigan. He's been advertising for her—offers \$100,000 reward for information of her whereabouts. I'm telegraphing it to him.

DICK. One hundred thousand dollars!

SAM. Suffering sinners!

AMY. Then you aren't going to marry her?

UNCLE. That will depend on the young lady, my dear. At present, I am taking her to her bereaved parent. (SAM *groans.*) Of course, Dick, now that I understand the situation, you may count on me for that wedding present.

(*He exits hastily, carrying parasol, at c.*)

INEZ. Dick!

DICK. Inez!

SAM. And now, Amy, you know what I have given up for you. Never again doubt my sincerity. One hundred thousand dollars--just like that--for you!

AMY. Oh, Sam, how wonderful you are!

MIURA. Supper eating now--you no hungry?

MRS. T. Come, children, I have a very hollow feeling about my heart. I know that I need food. (*As SAM starts to take her arm.*) Not in those clothes!

CURTAIN

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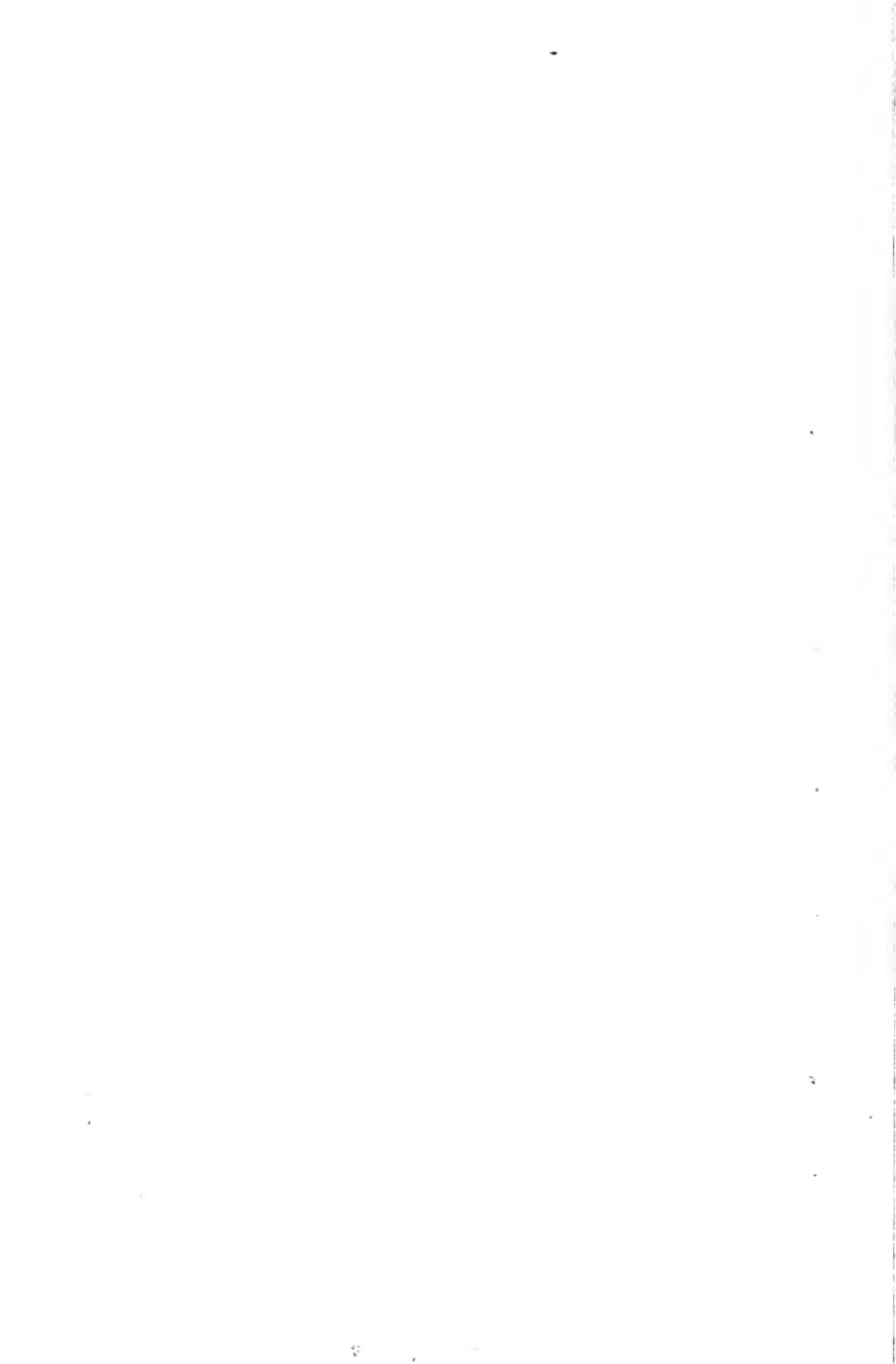
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